

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



AN INTRUSIVE VISITOR.

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER IX.—PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off."
—*Johnson.*

WEEKS and months passed rapidly away with Mrs. Reed after the birth of her two children. Her time was fully occupied with domestic duties, and with the exception of a short visit to the seaside in the summer, she had very little change or excite-

ment, and did not wish for more. Mr. Reed's business was, she hoped, prospering; he was not quite so much at home as he had been in the first year or two of their married life, but that was a good sign if not a pleasant one. He did not talk to her much about business; it had never been his habit to do so; but sometimes he showed her plans or drawings which he had made for some public building or other, and she felt sure that they must be universally admired and approved, though, as it usually happened

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

that she heard no more of them, and her husband avoided speaking of them, she was forced to the conclusion that they had been set aside for others less deserving. Mr. Reed often remarked that it was no use competing, as everything worth having went by interest in these days. However, they had enough to live upon, and Mrs. Reed at least was quite contented, and would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for a certain growing appearance of anxiety and care which she fancied she could detect upon her husband's usually cheerful features now and then.

A monotony of quiet and pleasurable duty is far from wearisome. Time glides away imperceptibly when there are no unusual or startling incidents to mark its course. So it was with Mrs. Reed; her daughter was already four years old, and her little boy nearly three, at the time when the events now to be recorded happened, to disturb the even tenour of her life.

It was summer time, drawing towards autumn; there had been the usual holiday-making, and folks were settling down again after their excursions. Mr. Cope, it was rumoured, had been to Rome—not a long journey for him, some of his parishioners remarked. Mr. Reed was in London, not holiday-making, but on business; it was expected that he would be absent three or four days, but Margarita did not venture to make another expedition to Peterstowe. One of the priests of that town had promised to call upon her, and one afternoon she caught sight of a straight-cut coat approaching the house, and presently afterwards heard the door-bell ring. But when the visitor was announced, to her great disappointment and surprise, it was not the person she had expected, but the Rev. Alban Cope who entered the room. He had called once or twice before in Mr. Reed's absence, and Margarita had declined to see him. She was annoyed therefore at his persistence, and did not offer him a seat, but herself continued standing.

"I am very glad to find you alone at last," said Mr. Cope; "I have for some time past been anxious to have some conversation with you."

"Mr. Reed is not at home," she began.

"I know it," he answered; "my visit was not intended for him, but for yourself. Hear me for one moment," he continued, seeing that she was about to reply; "you think me intrusive, but that is only because you do not understand the purport of my visit."

Mrs. Reed moved towards the door, as if about to quit the room, but Mr. Cope had taken his station in front of it, and did not offer to make way for her to pass.

"Allow me to explain," he said. He was very pale, and seemed to have a difficulty in finding words to express himself. "Do you remember," he said, at length, "the subject of our conversation almost the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you?"

Mrs. Reed remembered it, but she would not condescend to answer; she was surprised that he should thus recur to it.

"We were speaking of the case of Mr. Lintel, vicar of Eitherside. I see you recollect it now."

Mrs. Reed bowed, but said nothing.

"You expressed yourself rather strongly on that occasion; that is my chief difficulty now. If you would sit down and listen to me I should be able to satisfy you, I think, that, as a Roman Catholic, Mr.

Lintel—or let me call him Father Lintel—did nothing wrong in concealing the fact of his conversion and continuing to hold his preferment."

"I would really rather not hear any more about Mr. Lintel," Mrs. Reed exclaimed, impatiently; "you must excuse me, Mr. Cope, I cannot understand your object."

"Then, without further explanation, allow me to hand you this letter; you know the handwriting, I presume—Father Gehagan's."

Mrs. Reed did know it, and looked upon it with extreme surprise.

"It is addressed to me," said Mr. Cope, "but concerns yourself, as you will perceive if you will do me the favour to read it."

With a trembling hand Mrs. Reed received the letter, the envelope of which was already open. Words cannot describe the varied emotions which were manifested upon her usually calm, quiet features as she read the contents. Glancing up for a moment at Mr. Cope, and then again at the letter, she turned it over and over in her hand as if utterly at a loss what to say or do, while the priest stood gazing steadily at her, watching the play of her features.

"Give me a little time," she said, to consider this. "I did not know you were acquainted with Father Gehagan."

"I have been in correspondence with him for some time past," Mr. Cope replied; "I met him first at this house on the occasion of your daughter's christening."

Mrs. Reed remembered that they had then become known to each other; at all events there was no doubt that this was Father Gehagan's letter.

"I am so taken by surprise," she continued; "be kind enough to leave me now. I will write to you."

"Do so," said Mr. Cope; "but give me the letter if you have done with it; I must be careful of it; and remember that you are to guard the contents as a profound secret; not a creature must be informed on the subject; not even to your husband must you breathe a syllable about it, on peril of your soul!"

She had read that in the letter, and it was the chief cause of her perplexity and trouble.

"You are too well instructed in the tenets of our Church to disregard the solemn obligations here laid upon you. I will leave you now, since you wish it. To-morrow, perhaps, I may find you at home about this hour?"

"Yes—I don't know—I'll write or send," said Mrs. Reed.

The priest advanced and took the letter, which she still held, as if unconsciously, in her hand, and then, after a pause, replied, "Be it so," and, with a significant gesture, turned and left her.

The reader has perhaps already guessed the nature of the communication contained in Father Gehagan's letter. The Reverend Alban Cope had followed the example of the Vicar of Eitherside, and though ostensibly exercising the office and actually receiving the emoluments of the Church of England as by law established, was now in reality a member of the Church of Rome. The letter, so far at least as it concerned Mrs. Reed, was to the following purport:

"If you think it will be a comfort and help to Mrs. Reed, and tend to the furtherance of the important work which you have in hand for our Holy Church, that you should introduce yourself to her *privately* as a member of our communion, you may make use of

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this letter by way of credential from me. Of course you will impress upon her the great importance of absolute secrecy, and will let her know that, with all the authority I possess, I solemnly charge it upon her not to let the fact of your conversion to the true Church be known to any one whomsoever, *not even to her husband*; the success of that important movement which has been set on foot at Halford depending for the present upon the discretion and fidelity of those to whom the facts have been confided. Mrs. Reed will probably be able, as you anticipate, to help forward that movement, and will of course find pleasure and advantage to herself in doing so; but the greatest caution is required that no hint of it may prematurely get abroad. I need not, however, urge that upon you; for you are quite alive to the importance of it, and I have no doubt that when you have shown this letter to Mrs. Reed, she will be equally impressed with the necessity of guarding everything that is entrusted to her knowledge with the most jealous care. To fail in this would be a sin of no slight magnitude, since it would cause irreparable mischief to our Holy Church, and would be the occasion of great triumph to our adversaries; while, on the other hand, to help in bringing to a prosperous end those efforts which are being made for the extension of her power and influence, will ensure indulgences and blessings of the most exalted kind, both in this world and the next. I leave you to acquaint Mrs. Reed with all details of those plans and purposes in your own time and manner, and have only written thus, at your request, to certify her of the genuineness and sincerity of your professions—an assurance which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, may not be altogether unnecessary."

Not altogether unnecessary! Did Father Gehagan mean to be satirical? Who can tell? "Satire," we are told,

"should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen."

CHAPTER X.—"AFTER NO GOOD."

"These sorts will turn themselves into several forms; with the heathens a heathenist; with the atheists an atheist; with the Jews a Jew; with the reformers a reformer."—*Sermon by the Archbishop of Dublin, A.D. 1651.*

It was a long time before Mrs. Reed could sufficiently recover from the surprise and consternation with which Father Gehagan's letter had overwhelmed her, to reflect upon the consequences which this new condition of affairs would probably entail. Her first wish was that her husband had been at hand. Nothing, she thought, should induce her to withhold from him a secret of so much importance; and probably if Mr. Reed had at that moment entered the room, she would have told him all that was in her heart. But Mr. Cope had chosen his opportunity with discretion. Mr. Reed was engaged at a distance, and would most likely not return for two or three days. A much shorter interval than that was sufficient to convince Mrs. Reed, on reflection, that it would be better, for the present at all events, to observe the solemn injunction and command of her priestly adviser in regard to secrecy. In truth, she dared not disobey it. Father Gehagan's letter was decided and authoritative. To betray confidence in such a case would be to render herself obnoxious to the severest penalties of the Church, and after all it might be of very little use. Mr. Cope had taken Father Gehagan's letter away with him, and if he should choose to deny to

Mr. Reed and to others the confession he had made to herself, what proof could she adduce of the truth of her assertion? How could she satisfy her husband or any one else that she was not under a delusion? All day long she thought and pondered, till her head ached; and all the following night she lay awake, weary in body and mind, but thinking, wondering, fearing, grieving still.

The next day Mr. Cope called again, without waiting for the promised message. Mrs. Reed heard him at the door, asking for her husband; and on being informed that he was still from home, he said he would see Mrs. Reed, and was shown into the parlour where she was sitting. He greeted her with much kindness of manner, regretted to see her looking so pale and ill, and began to speak at once on the subject which was uppermost in his own mind as well as in hers.

"You have been thinking a great deal about the letter which I showed you yesterday," he said. "I was anxious that you should know how I am situated and what is going on around you, chiefly under my direction, because I felt sure it would contribute to your happiness and welfare. You were, as you imagined, cut off from all intercourse with those of your own communion—excommunicated, one might almost say. It will comfort you, I am sure, to know that there is a fair prospect of all this being changed."

Mrs. Reed bowed, but said nothing; she was anxious, yet almost afraid to hear what assistance was required from her, and with whom she was to co-operate in the secret work alluded to in Father Gehagan's letter. The details of that work need not be here described. Suffice it to say that a chosen band of perverts were being gathered from among the most advanced worshippers at St. Michael and All Angels'; that by the help of a sisterhood, some of whom had already followed Mr. Cope's example, the way was being prepared for a considerable secession from the Anglo-Catholic Church to the Church of Rome, and that funds had been partly provided and other steps already taken for the erection of a Roman Catholic church or chapel at Halford, of which Mr. Alban Cope hoped in due time to be appointed priest in charge.

"Then you will have the sacraments and ritual of the true Church brought almost to your own door," said Mr. Cope, after he had described what was in contemplation, and the machinery by which it was to be brought to pass. "The site we are anxious to obtain for the chapel is at the end of this street—an open space between the old town and the new, convenient for both; and one reason for observing the strictest secrecy is that the land in question belongs to a rabid Protestant, one Fairlight, who would rather give it away to one of his own clique than sell it to us at any price. But we are negotiating through a channel that he does not suspect; and I hope we shall make sure of it before he finds us out."

"In the meantime," Mr. Cope continued, "I shall be at hand to advise and direct you as occasion may require. And you can co-operate with myself and others of our communion in various ways to propagate the faith. We cannot do much openly at present, but must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, condescending to the infirmities of those who are still wavering, for instance, and seeming to meet them half way; though, as you know, there is really no half way between the Church and heresy."

"You must be more explicit if you wish for my co-operation," said Mrs. Reed. "I do not understand you."

"The services at St. Michael's, for instance. I, although a true Catholic, still officiate there. Why should not you sometimes attend? It will help in the minds of some to bridge over the distance between our creed and theirs; it will gain you their confidence and good will and enable you to exercise a useful influence over them."

"Confidence! Influence! I should be utterly unworthy of it!" cried Mrs. Reed. "Would you have me go into God's house—well then, if you object to that term, into a place where God is worshipped—only to deceive, and pretend, and to act a lie, as you yourself are doing? Forgive me for saying so; but is it not the truth?"

"You must not talk of acting lies," said the priest, rising up hastily, and walking about the room. "I thought you had learned to view these matters in a different light, and to surrender your own private judgment to the higher wisdom of your teachers. We follow the dictates of our superiors, the directors of our Holy Church. That ought to be enough for you, as it is for me."

"Mr. Reed would think that I had apostatised from the faith in which I was brought up, and I should not be at liberty to undeceive him. You would have me worship in the same church, and kneel at the same altar with my husband, knowing all the while that he is deluded and betrayed, and that I am a chief instrument in the deceit."

"It will be for his good in the end. Does not St. Paul boast himself concerning the Corinthian converts, 'Being crafty, I caught you with guile'? Would you be better than St. Paul?"

"St. Paul never sought to gain his ends by unfair means. 'It was *slanderosly* reported' of him that he said, 'Let us do evil that good may come.'"

"Where did you learn that? Why will you put your own construction on the words of Holy Scripture, instead of leaving the interpretation of them to the Church, which is the only competent expositor—the pillar and ground of truth?"

"Truth! truth! Almost you make me cry, as Pilate did, *What is truth?* The truth in this instance would come to light sooner or later, and then my husband would despise me, and I—I should well deserve it."

"You must take calmer views of these questions, and be less opinionated. As for your husband, we shall bring him over to the Church before any discoveries are made; and then he will see and confess the wisdom and faithfulness which you have shown in your behaviour towards him. You will think over these things, will you not?"

"I shall think of nothing else," Mrs. Reed answered. "I will try to do right. I will try to be obedient, and submit myself as a true daughter of the Church; but I am sore troubled. My burden is almost greater than I can bear."

"Alone you are not required to bear it. Holy Mother Church will give you strength. Cast all your care upon her, for she careth for you."

During all the time of this interview one very anxious thought weighed upon Mrs. Reed's heart. In what light was she to regard this Mr. Alban Cope henceforth? Would he be her priest, her father-confessor? She scarcely dared to ask the question, but could not rest until the doubt was solved. At

length she ventured to inquire whether the Vicar of Halford Quay was also at that time a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The answer was reassuring. No: there were certain rites to be performed before he could be qualified to exercise the functions of a priest. He had been to Rome, he told her, and it was only a question of expediency how soon he should be admitted to the priesthood: at present he was more usefully employed in a lower sphere of duty.

Mr. Cope had had an interview with his holiness the Pope, and had enjoyed the privilege of kneeling at his footstool and performing the customary act of homage. He showed Mrs. Reed a medal which had been blessed by the Pope, and which he now wore always next to his heart. Mrs. Reed was carried away by the old sentiment of reverence for everything connected with the head of her Church, and forgot for a moment who and what manner of man this was who now stood before her, with the sacred medallion in his hand, on which the profile of the Pope wearing the triple crown was engraved, and she instinctively knelt down to kiss it.

When she looked up again she saw, standing at the open door, her servant Bridget, with eyes wide open, and a look of blank amazement in her face.

"Sure if Father Gehagan could see that now!" she muttered to herself; "the mistress kneeling down before that Protestant heretic! Didn't I say, when I opened the door for him, 'It's afther no good he is, coming here when the mather's out'?"

"Open the door for me now, Biddy," said Mr. Cope, smiling affably, as if he had not overheard her. "You are a true daughter of the Church, and so is your mistress. You and I will understand one another better some day."

"'Biddy,' indeed!" she cried, when he was gone. "Is that your manners? 'Biddy!' from the likes of him! I can't make it out, mistress dear. What does it all mane, then?"

"I can't tell you just now, Bridget. I can only beg of you to take no notice of what you have seen to-day, and to say nothing about it to any one, not even to—" Mrs. Reed hesitated, and felt the colour burning in her cheeks.

"Is it to the mather you mane?"

"Yes; at least, to no one: promise me. Mr. Cope brought me a letter from Father Gehagan. You will know all about it one day, but just now it is to be a secret."

"Sure I'm no tell-tale," said Bridget; "if you bid me not to spake to the mather, I'd bite me tongue out first."

"Thank you, Biddy."

Biddy retired, shaking her head pensively; and Mrs. Reed, vexed and humiliated, hastened upstairs, and locking herself into her own room, threw herself upon a couch, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment she felt that she was unfaithful to her husband. She could not reconcile her duty to him with the line of conduct urged and forced upon her by her spiritual advisers. She had surrendered her own judgment, and submitted to become the tool of others, and her sense of duty to the Church left her no alternative. Where was it to end? The double dealing on the part of this Anglo-Roman priest also offended her; it was opposed to all her ideas of honesty and sincerity; and though she could not venture to condemn that which her superiors in the Church had approved, yet

she felt instinctively that it was wrong. She had, however, no choice, but must follow the course of events, and act her part as others should dictate, and not as her own heart and conscience would have prescribed.

Mr. Reed returned home the next day. Mrs. Reed had heard from him, and knew at what hour she was to expect him; but she could not look forward to the time, nor watch for his coming, with the pleasure which she had been used to feel on such occasions. On the contrary, she almost dreaded it, knowing that she could no longer meet him with that absolute sincerity and unreserve which had hitherto formed a great charm in their wedded life. Her first impulse, when she heard the cab drive up to the door, was to flee to her own room; her second to go and meet him as usual, and as if nothing had occurred. While she was hesitating the door was opened, and he entered the house, looking for her. Then she hastened towards him, forgetting for the moment everything else but that he was at home again, and bringing the children for him to fondle and admire; so the first awkward moment passed away, and she had neither given way to tears nor betrayed herself in any other manner. But during the evening she found it necessary to be continually on her guard, and in the course of conversation felt repeatedly that she was awkward and embarrassed. Her husband would perhaps have observed this more readily but that he was tired and jaded. He was more taciturn than usual, and seemed out of spirits. Margarita longed to ask him if he were unwell, or if anything had occurred to trouble him; but she dared not seek for any confidence from him, since it would be impossible for her to return it. He thought her manner strange, and felt a little offended that she did not manifest more pleasure at his return, but would not make any remark; altogether they spent a very uncomfortable evening, and it was a relief for both of them when they heard the servants locking up at bedtime.

Next morning matters were not much improved, and Margarita began to fear that all the sunshine was gone out of her life. She busied herself with her children, and saw very little of her husband, except at meal times. But she felt that it would be impossible to go on long with this feeling of estrangement, this cold shadow of concealment lurking between them. It was her own fault, not his. But what could she do? What remedy was possible? If she could have seen Father Gehagan she might perhaps have persuaded him to admit her husband to a share of the weighty confidence which had been imposed upon her without her own wish or consent; but it was scarcely probable. The interests of Holy Mother Church were paramount, and the domestic happiness of one of her humblest daughters would weigh as nothing in the scale. No; there was no remedy; the only hope that yet remained for her was in that distant possibility to which Mr. Alban Cope had alluded, and towards which all her efforts must now be directed—namely, that her husband might be won over to the Church of Rome, and, as a Roman Catholic, might approve that line of policy and conduct which, as an honest man, he could not but abhor.

About this time a church in the neighbourhood, which had been closed for a few weeks during some repairs and alterations, which had been carried out under the direction of Mr. Reed, was to be reopened, and the architect and his wife were invited to be

present. Harvest-time was just over, and there was to be a thanksgiving service and a general festivity on the same occasion.

"You won't mind going to church just for once," Mr. Reed said to his wife. "People of all denominations will be there. It will not be what I should call a nice service, I dare say; for the Vicar of Marton is rather low; he would not let me do half what I wanted to his church; but I should like you to go with me; it is a nice drive, and you would spend a pleasant day."

Margarita hesitated for a moment. She would have said "Yes" at once if she had felt that she was free to act upon her own judgment. A few days ago she might have done so, but now the thought occurred to her that she was under surveillance, and might perhaps be expected to ask Mr. Cope's opinion on the subject. It was but a momentary doubt, but her husband noticed it.

"Don't go if you would rather not," said he, coldly; "you need not consider my wishes."

"I will consider my own," she replied, instantly, "and will go with you, as I should like to do everywhere and always."

He looked at her quietly, and with his old bright smile upon his face. "Would you indeed?" he asked. "I had almost begun to fear that I was sometimes a little in the way."

She yearned at that moment to tell him everything, and felt that she had been on the very point of doing so; but she checked herself in time, and then trembled to think how nearly her secret had escaped her.

"Oh yes," she said; "I shall like very much to go with you."

But her manner was constrained; her eyes were turned away, and could not meet his, and a bright flush had risen to her forehead. Mr. Reed let fall the hand which he had just before clasped, and the look of pleasure faded from his face. Just then a servant entered the room, and Margarita was glad of an excuse for leaving it. But she resolved that she would accompany her husband to Marton and attend the harvest thanksgiving in the church. She would take counsel with no one on that point, but with her own heart only.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.

BY AN OLD CADET.

IN these days, when the attention of the public is more than ever directed to the efficiency of our military power, and schemes for army organisation are cropping up on all sides, a short sketch of life at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich may not be found wholly uninteresting, especially since many of our most celebrated officers have been educated there; and it has been honoured by the presence of at least two cadets of royal blood—H.R.H. Prince Arthur and, in later years, H.I.H. the Prince Imperial. Perhaps no simpler method of briefly explaining the customs and institutions of the Academy can be chosen than that of describing a few of the most important incidents in the life of a cadet, from the time when visions of warlike glory first begin to assume a palpable form in his imagination, to the longed-for moment when, a commissioned officer, he goes forth into the world to take his part

in all that may require him, after the manner of Carlyle's "unaccredited heroes."

The aspirant for admission to the Academy, having in most cases spent some months in a course of instruction at one of those abodes of study significantly termed "crammers," and in return for a copy of his baptismal certificate proving him to be between sixteen and eighteen years of age, and sundry "good characters," having obtained permission from the Secretary for War to compete for admission, presents himself on a certain day in January or July at the gates of the Academy for the preliminary medical examination. For this purpose he is ushered into the School of Arms, which is a lofty and spacious building, containing some fine old trophies and an excellent gymnasium. Here he is subjected to a strict medical examination to ascertain whether his sight, hearing, and general health are suited to the requirements of the service. Should no fault be found, the candidate's measure is taken, with a view to having uniform ready for the new cadets soon after they arrive; this part of the process tending much to raise the spirits of those who see in the measurement a happy omen of their success. When "the medical" is over the candidate returns to London to compete at an examination, which may be considered a strict test of the knowledge and abilities of those concerned, and is, indeed, one of the most difficult of all competitions. Having done his best, our hero returns home, and awaits, with what patience he may, the appearance of the list of successful candidates, which will tell him at a glance whether he has become a *bona fide* cadet or must wait for another half year, with the possibility of failure altogether, as only three trials are allowed to any individual.

Supposing our aspirant to be successful, he now receives a bundle of documents informing him of the articles necessary to be taken to Woolwich, a statement of the payments required from him (generally £125 per annum), and a printed letter of really valuable advice, addressed to his parents, containing cautions as to extravagance, which, to the young man flushed with the joy of success, often appear foolish and unnecessary, but of which in after life he usually finds the value. After spending a couple of months at home, he then, in pursuance of his orders, starts for Woolwich, arrives at the station, drives up to the Academy, and there, being immediately confronted by a sergeant of artillery, recognises perhaps for the first time that he is actually what he has long hoped to become—a gentleman cadet.

At this stage of our friend's career he is apt to have a rather exalted opinion of himself and of his consequence to people in general, to which state of mind the congratulations of his relations and friends have not a little contributed. He has yet to learn his true position, not only in the Academy, but in the service; that he is no longer his own master, responsible only to himself for his actions, but a military unit, known to the authorities as a "last joined," and to the cadets generally as a "snooker." The first shock which his feelings receive is when, after having with some trouble found his house and room, he opens the door and beholds the interior, consisting of four whitewashed brick walls, a table, four chairs, four beds to match, turned up on hinges in the centre, as also four basins and a tin can, technically known as a "tosher." This spectacle to one who has all his life been accustomed to comparative luxuries and comforts is rather alarming at first, since

it is not till after a closer acquaintance that the beds are found to be extremely comfortable, and the room airy in summer and warm in winter. However, the "snooker" remembers all that he has heard of military "roughing it," and makes up his mind to adapt himself to circumstances. The senior cadet in the room now takes him in hand, and explains to him the customs and manners of the Academy, and the duties which devolve upon the last joined, these latter not being very onerous, as the principal one consists in going to the baths first in the morning, and then awaking his comrades.

A band plays for an hour in the School of Arms four days in the week, and on the evening of the arrival of the last joined there is a gathering of almost all the cadets in that building, it being the custom for them to ask any of the new comers whom they may chance to know, to join the promenade with them round the room. Thither then our hero directs his steps, and being taken in charge by some friend spends a very pleasant evening, and returns to rest betimes, "roll call" being at 10 p.m., and "lights out" half an hour afterwards.

At 6 a.m. the Réveillé sounds, and the "snooker" not being yet conversant with the bugle-calls, probably jumps out of bed in a great hurry, but is told by some wiser cadet that it is only the warning for extra drill. In fact, those unfortunates who have been awarded that punishment for not being smart on parade or other offences, parade at 6.15 with carbines and in full dress, and are marched up and down the parade-ground for the space of half an hour by a "corporal." These corporals are chosen from the two senior classes for their progress in study and general fitness, and are distinguished from the other cadets by wearing some extra gold lace on collar and sleeve. Extra drill is not at all a severe punishment, but the early rising which it entails is quite sufficient to make cadets avoid it by every means in their power. Indeed, some such institution would be much to be preferred if adopted at our great schools in place of the present system of "impositions," which have a tendency to spoil the penmanship of those on whom they are inflicted.

At 7 a.m. the bugle for breakfast parade sounds and the cadets fall in on the parade-ground, the last joined forming a company by themselves, and looking very conspicuous in their plain clothes and tall hats. After calling the roll they are marched into the dining-hall, a magnificent room with twelve windows of stained glass, each representing some great battle, the walls being adorned with trophies of old weapons, and with the arms and swords of governors of the Academy who have died in office. Such a room cannot fail to have an effect on the minds of the new cadets, making them consider the importance of the services into which they wish to enter, and the responsibility of their position as cadets; and such impressions are helped by one or two beautiful mottoes which are placed in conspicuous positions, such as, "Through obedience learn to command," "Steadfast faith leads on to victory," etc.

Study takes up six hours per diem, the course of instruction being very varied, comprising Fortification, Artillery, Mathematics, Modern and Ancient Languages, Chemistry, and Physics, each subject having an able professor, and the most important ones two or more instructors to teach them. There is an examination at the end of each term, the marks of which are carried on to make a grand total, according

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to which the cadet is placed on leaving the Academy, the first on the list having the option of being commissioned either in the Royal Engineers or in the Royal Artillery.

At the commencement of each term cadets are expected to bring letters from their parents, stating the names and addresses of those friends whom they wish their sons to visit; and on presenting a written invitation from any one of these persons, leave is granted from 2 P.M. on Saturday to 11 P.M. on Sunday night. The fact of requiring such guarantees of the manner in which a cadet spends his leisure time points to a strict state of discipline, and thus the order kept in the Academy is very good indeed, no espionage being allowed, but an entire reliance being placed on the honour and good sense of the cadets, who are generally found fully deserving of the confidence placed in them. Indeed, the severer punishments, such as rustication and expulsion, are very rare, though sometimes required for grave offences, and for conduct which, while showing no great depravity on the part of the offender, yet would be completely subversive of military discipline if allowed to pass unnoticed. As an instance of this we may mention a somewhat amusing event which took place many years ago. The contractor for the mess had been in the habit of providing the cadets with bread so bad as to be almost uneatable, and though complaints had been made to the governor, he had taken no notice of them. Accordingly, some ingenious young men put their heads together and concocted a notable plan of reprisals, which was duly carried out. Having loaded one of the old carronades which still stand in front of the Academy, with a charge of powder and a couple of the obnoxious loaves, they fired the contents into the window of the governor's house, with the immediate result of breaking several panes of glass, and the ultimate effect of the expulsion of the valiant cannoneers.

The immediate government of the Academy is performed by a governor of the rank of general, a major or colonel, and four subalterns, one of whom performs the duty of adjutant, whilst the others have immediate command of the three divisions of the cadet company. These divisions are called respectively, "A," "B," and "C," the "A" division containing the most advanced cadets, and being also known as the "commission class," and the rest of the Academy being divided equally between "B" and "C." The present governor, General Sir John Adye, B.A., K.C.B., is a man eminently fitted for the duties of his position, and deservedly popular among the cadets.

The ordinary course of study for a cadet is two years and a half, after which time, in the event of his having passed his examinations satisfactorily, he receives his commission. This period of two and a half years is divided into five classes, of which the highest, as before stated, is the "A" division. Curiously enough, the difference between these classes is very strongly marked, and there is very little intercourse between the senior and junior cadets. The subjects of study vary in each class, and also the nature of drills, the last joined being instructed in squad drill, then in their second term in company drill, next in artillery, and in their fourth and fifth terms in riding and sword exercises. The "A" division have an hour's riding each morning, which, in a military riding school, is quite enough for the day.

A cadet on joining the Academy finds a large choice of amusements with which to occupy his spare

time. There is a cricket and football club, racket courts and billiard rooms, a fine workshop, with steam-engine, etc.; and for those of literary tastes, a large and varied library, which, though almost entirely burned down in the year 1873, has since been rebuilt and restocked with books to even a greater extent than before the disaster. A dance is given by the cadets in the School of Arms two or three times in the term, and is very largely patronised by all who are within reasonable distance of Woolwich, there being seldom less than five hundred people assembled in the building. The athletic sports, too, which come off about the 7th of June each year, are very popular, and are indeed conducted in a most orderly style, having the additional attractions of several military bands, and a champagne luncheon to refresh the visitors between the performances.

When a cadet has reached the "A" division he has to all intents and purposes passed through the drudgery of the Academy, and can generally enjoy himself very much. In this class all the members rank as corporals. A separate dining-hall is allotted to them, and they are in fact kept quite distinct from the rest of the cadets. The chief objects of study are artillery (illustrated by practical work in the arsenal), military drawing and reconnaissance, and advanced mathematics. In this class also the cadets spend a fortnight at Shoeburyness in practice with the different descriptions of guns and mortars.

Having at length passed through his academical life, our cadet receives his commission on the last day of the term, technically known as "Duke's Day." Then, after battalion drill performed before the Duke of Cambridge, the cadets are marched into the School of Arms and there drawn up four deep, forming three sides of a square, the fourth consisting of a long table, on which are placed the prizes of the term, notably the regulation sword for good conduct, and the Pollock medal, awarded to the most distinguished cadet of the term. The commission class then advance, one by one, as their names and marks are read, and form up before the Duke, who usually makes a short speech, commenting on the general behaviour of the class while in the Academy. On an average the first seven or eight cadets are awarded commissions in the Engineers and the rest in the Artillery, and then the term breaks up, and the newly-made lieutenants depart home for a vacation of two months, after which they join their regiment at Woolwich, prepared by their stay in the Academy to uphold the reputation of their respective corps, which in memory of their common origin bear the same proud motto—

"Ubique, quo fas et gloria ducunt."

SCOTCH THRIFT.

THE General Assembly of the Church of Scotland have a "Committee on Christian Life and Work," and by this body schedules of queries are sent to all the Presbyteries, to which answers are filled up by the respective ministers at their pleasure. The information thus gained is on many points highly interesting.

The committee have this year reported "that there is great need in Scotland of a literature dealing with the practical wants of life, to instruct men and women in household and domestic duties, and in the laws of health and cleanliness. There is almost really no popular literature in circulation on the

subject of household thrift and economy. In all parts of the land, town and country alike, there is a woeful amount of ignorance about the commonest details of housekeeping. Many young women sent from school to earn wages on the farm or in the factory, get married and go into homes of their own with the vaguest notions possible as to the duties of their new position. They can read—they do read—but not books calculated to remedy their deficiencies, simply because such books have never been brought down to the level of their needs."

This is the old complaint as to ignorance of "common things." It is a wide as well as an important subject, but at present we confine our attention to the one point of "thrift," or frugal management.

Thrift was formerly one of the national characteristics, and we could quote many remarkable examples. In this matter the Scottish clergy themselves have often been examples to their people, as the following anecdotes will show. The different value of money must be taken into account, and these are also extreme cases, amounting even to penuriousness.

John Govean, minister of Campsie, 1688—1729, lived to the age of seventy-one, and left £6,000 sterling. His habits were frugal, and he and his household never tasted meat throughout the year except during the sacramental week. William Brown, a tailor in Dundrivan, contrived, on an income of threepence a day, to educate two sons for the Church; one became minister of Glencairn in 1804; the other, who could not obtain a settlement, was afterwards schoolmaster of Neilston. Brown's third son died a landed proprietor, leaving property which was sold for £2,000. George Grant, minister of Kirkmichael, 1725, who died at the age of eighty, was the father of twenty-one children, sixteen of whom lived to maturity. His stipend was only £47 4s. 5½d. per annum, yet from his savings he left each child £100. Three of his sons entered the ministry. The reverend David Ure, afterwards minister of Bathgate, had, whilst acting as assistant to another minister in 1783, an income of only £10 a year. In travelling he performed all his journeys on foot, carrying bread and cheese, and procuring water from the wayside. He was noted for his pedestrian powers. John Knox, grandnephew of the Reformer, was minister of Kelso in 1603. His residence consisted of two vaults in the Abbey; one was used as hall and kitchen, the other as a bedchamber. Both were below the level of the ground. Murdoch MacDonald, minister of Durness 1726—1763, who died aged sixty-eight, brought up a family of four sons and seven daughters on a stipend of viijth marks (£44 8s. 10½d.) per annum. He, however, complains in a ms. diary of "straitened circumstances, and worldly affairs much in disorder." The smallest stipend in Scotland is said to have been that of Glendevon, which, in 1790, was £21 7s. 11d. yearly. In July, 1627, the state of matters in Birsay and Harray is thus described. "Aucht hundred communicants, the minister a man of great age, four-scoir twa yeiris, feble and vnabil to trauell, with iiijth marks (£22 4s. 5½d.) stipend, the vicarage, gleib, and ane littil peice land called Big quoy not far distant from the kirk and mans."

The stipends were, however, sometimes too small for acceptance, as appears in the following story recorded of John Lookup, minister of Midcalder in 1689, who is described as a man of diminutive appearance. The Duchess of Hamilton, who resided at Holyrood Palace (of which the Duke of Hamilton

is hereditary keeper), signified that she was in want of a chaplain, and Principal Carstairs took Mr. Lookup in order to obtain the appointment for him. The minister was shown into a separate apartment, whilst the Principal spoke with the Duchess, and, as the door was not shut, he overheard the lady make some uncomplimentary remark concerning his very small stature. It appears that she had seen from a window the two gentlemen approaching the palace. He was then called in and informed that the salary was five pounds per annum, with bed, board, and washing. Taking his hat, he departed at once, saying to the Duchess that if those were the terms she must look for some one *lesser* than him.

The causes of the present want of thrift amongst all classes, according to the Committee of the Kirk, may be reduced to three: (1) ignorance, (2) emulation, (3) the decay of the old spirit of independence.

The first reason is too apparent to require illustration. Due attention is not paid to the instruction of the young in household work and duties. Neither is the value and importance of such knowledge insisted upon.

In the second place, instead of desiring to adorn one's position and fill it with credit, the modern aspiration is to rise above it, and the constant effort is to appear a step higher in the social scale. This vain ambition pervades all ranks, and instead of leading to improvement, entails only debt, extravagance, false appearances, and neglect of work. Lord Stanhope wrote of the times of Queen Anne, "How far more widely spread was in those days the spirit of contentment. Men were willing to make the best of the present without a feverish anxiety for the past or for the future—without constantly longing that yesterday might come back or that to-morrow might come on. . . . The tendency of the people in Queen Anne's reign was, I think, according to the figure of speech which we find in the First Book of Kings, 'to dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree.' The tendency of the present age, unless I much mistake it, would be rather to contend by ingenious arguments that the vine and fig are not the best of all possible fruit-trees,—that we ought immediately to root them up and plant in their stead some saplings of another kind. It may not be wholly prejudice that views this disposition with regret. Is there any real happiness in such constant yearning and striving for something other than exists?" This idea is fostered by the numerous books written on "Rising in the World," "Getting On," "How to Succeed," and the like. The old English spirit was quite opposite, and finds expression in the Prayer-book, "To do my duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me."

In respect to the third cause, the tendency to extravagance has led to an undue love of money, and an indifference to the means by which it may be obtained. The apostolical injunctions of owing no man anything, and of being burdensome to none, are disregarded. Parish relief is now accepted by many, who in former times would have endured severe hardships rather than avail themselves of it; and, on the other hand, commercial men too often transact business in a manner foreign to the old code of truth and honour.

Let us mention two instances of noble independence amidst extreme poverty.

The father of Sir Walter Scott's tutor (the original of Dominie Sampson), the Rev. George Thomson,

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was minister of Melrose, and a man of simple and upright character. At a time when he and his family were in great poverty, owing to a general dearth throughout the country, a subscription was

William Aird, minister of St. Cuthbert's, was a stonemason until his twentieth year, when he married, and was taught to read English by his wife. He studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Whilst



A SCOTCH HOUSEWIFE.

privately raised for their relief by Dr. Johnston, of North Leith, and a considerable sum gathered, which was sent to Mr. Thomson, but by him immediately returned, with a letter containing a grateful but firm refusal of the gift, which he desired might be restored to the donors.

living with his family in great poverty, he received from the king, through the royal commissioner, previous to the meeting of the Assembly, a purse of gold, the government being desirous to carry several measures. Suspecting the gift was not entirely disinterested, Aird absolutely refused it. He was

rewarded next day by an unknown benefactor, who left several bags of oatmeal at his door.

It must be remembered that to those who will make the effort, the means of living thriftily and yet with comfort are much increased in our day. Many of the luxuries of life are cheap, and now brought within the reach of all. The principles of health and ventilation are better understood. The advantages of town and country are more equally distributed. All these comforts could be enjoyed if people would have the strength of mind not to believe appearance and show indispensable, if they would be content with real necessities and avoid mere superfluities.

The secret of thrift is very simple—whatever the income may be, live within it, and turn everything to account.

It is often overlooked that the Bible is the best guide for worldly affairs, even from a worldly point of view. The soundest maxims of business are to be found in the writings of Solomon. Dr. Wallace remarked that he "desiderated (for the young) a larger infusion of committing to memory and reading the Book of Proverbs." It was said by one deservedly eminent long ago in the House, and who had many years since passed to his rest, that the habits of many of the Scotch population were greatly due to the fact that for a long time the Book of Proverbs was a class-book for teaching reading in the parochial schools of Scotland.

THE SCOTCH HOUSEWIFE.

It may amuse our northern readers, after reading the foregoing homily on thrift, and the lament "over good old times," to see a page from the journal of a tourist—a Londoner—who lately visited Scotland for the first time. He evidently knows nothing of the poverty that is behind the plenty which he describes. He reminds us of the question asked by George IV on seeing the crowds, "dressed in their best," who welcomed him to Scotland—"But where are the poor?"

The Southerner who visits Scotland by invitation can hardly foretell what his experience may be. The land o' cakes is also the land of mists, and sudden floods, and downpours, and rough weather of every conceivable kind, as well as of glorious sunshine and cloudless air. At the very season when he expects the fairest, he may chance to fall in with the foulest; the lakes may be dour and stormy, when they ought to be smooth and tranquil, and the mountains may be gloomy and grim, when they should be majestically peaceful and calm. But however variable and various shall be the aspect of things without doors, there is one thing belonging to Scotland, and indigenous to the soil, which, having its habitat within the four walls, the stranger is pretty sure to encounter in a pleasing shape, go where he will, and that one thing is Scottish hospitality. Of all the antiquities the country can boast—and they are neither few nor unimportant—this social virtue seems the most ancient. At no period that we are aware of has the practice of it fallen into abeyance, and there is no traveller's record, either in times past or in times present, that fails to do it justice.

Our north country friends are never guilty of that sentimental disregard of the pleasures of the table which some people down south are given at times to

affect, and which Dr. Johnson so strongly rebuked when he affirmed that a man who does not care for eating and drinking, would hardly care much for anything else. The rule once laid down by the Ettrick Shepherd would probably have met with the Doctor's approval. After asserting the universal regard for the good things grateful to the palate, the Shepherd says:—"This is the rule—never think about either meat or drink but when you are at the board. Then eat an' drink wi' a' your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical! Say little, but look freendly; take care chiefly o' yourself, but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o' ithers. This may soun' queer, but it's gude manners, an' worth a' Chesterfiel'."

To follow out this rule of the Shepherd, it is plain that the board you are at need be tolerably well furnished. Of what such furniture consists a Cockney who crosses the Tweed for the first time, and sits down to a real Scotch breakfast on some hungry morning, will be able to form a pretty adequate notion. The morning meal is the characteristic meal of the day, and is a kind of declaration of nationalism rather startling at first to a strange guest. We might attempt to catalogue the items, but we feel that memory would fail us as to details. We can recall the dried salmon, the Finnan haddocks, the kippered herring, the game, the fowls, the hams, the solid joints of various sorts, pies and pasties, the potted meats, preserves, sweets, and what not—with the coffee and tea, the steaming porridge, quenched in floods of cream-like milk, eggs in various guise prepared—the cakes, bannocks, scones, etc., etc., but as for completing the list, that is more than we can undertake.

What we must say, however, *apropos* of Scotch hospitality, is just one word on the Scotch housewife, without whom, we fear, it would cut but a poor figure, and would certainly never expand into those impressive and decorous proportions for which it is famed. It must be "up in the morning early," with the bland enchantress at whose bidding all the good things at which we have so briefly hinted arrange themselves at the proper time on the festive board. She must to market and collect them, hunting up fisher, and fletcher, and fowler, and grocer, and vintner; she must dive into kitchen and buttery, and manage here and meddle there, ever bustling, active, and directive (unless, indeed, like Caleb Balderstone, she could capture her viands ready dressed for the table).

We ought to add that her hospitality is by no means limited to the cares of the table. She is just as anxious that her guests should rest well and sleep well as that they should eat and drink well. As one result of her care in this matter, he will be sure to be well put up. His sleeping chamber may be small, but it will be a model of cleanliness, and the sheets will justify the vaunt of Dinmont's gudewife, who assured Captain Brown that "they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the Fairywell water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans, and bittled by Nelly and hersel', an' what could a woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

We confess to a very feeble sketch of the Scottish housewife; but if the reader does not know, and wants to know, how much more she is than we have described, he must e'en "gang awa' to Scotland" and there judge for himself.

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THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

VII.—ROUMANIA.

SINCE we began these papers, the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina extended its area by Serbia and Montenegro breaking away from the pacific control of the Great Powers and rushing to arms. While Europe looked on, the hereditary contest was renewed on a larger scale, and Slav and Turk again mingled their blood on the banks of the Timok, the Drina, and Danube. What may be the ultimate result of the embittered war of race and religion remains to be seen: most probably a loosened hold of the Sultan on his Slavonic provinces, and an advance of the southern Slavs in the direction of self-government or entire independence. Roumania, while standing aloof from the struggle, yet took advantage of the crisis to demand from the Porte certain territorial and other concessions as compensation for her neutrality. Hitherto we have described the provinces south of the Danube; it yet remains that we glance at Roumania, the most northerly region which owns the suzerainty of the Sultan, and thus complete our survey of these border lands of the Turk in Europe.

In Roumania we encounter a people distinct alike from the Slavo-Serbs of the Danube and the Adriatic, the Slavo-Bulgarians, north and south of the Balkan, and the various mountain tribes of Albania. The Danubian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, now known by the historical name of Roumania, formed part of the ancient kingdom of Dacia, which was conquered by Trajan and annexed to the Roman Empire. The victorious legions were there established, and colonies formed, bringing with them Roman laws and civilisation. Towns were also built, roads constructed, and fortresses reared; and to this day may be traced in the remains of these works, as well as in the habits, appearance, and language of the present inhabitants, the connection between modern Roumania and ancient Rome. Proud of their origin, the people call themselves Roumans, but by their Slavonic neighbours they have from early times been termed Wallachs—a name said to be derived from the Slavic word for shepherd. The Wallachs, or Wallachians, are not now, nor have they been in former times, confined to the region beyond the Danube on either side of the Carpathians. In the fifth century they peopled Thrace, and were masters of a considerable part of Thessaly. The Thracian dialect of that period, indeed, bore a strong resemblance to corrupt Latin, as it is akin to the *patois* spoken at the present day alike by the Wallach tribes on the Pindus Mountains—the remnants of the former inhabitants of Thrace—and by the Rouman people who occupy the territory of ancient Dacia. The existing language contains many words of Latin origin, mixed with Greek, Turkish, and Slavonic terms.

For some cause the Wallachian population of Thrace in the eleventh century increased in importance, and in the twelfth century we find that, in conjunction with the Bulgarians before vanquished by the Greek emperors, they formed a new kingdom on the Danube. "This kingdom was, however," says Finlay, "more Wallachian than Bulgarian, for the court language was Wallachian, and the kings

affected to regard themselves as descendants of the Romans."

South of the Danube at the present time the Wallach or Rouman people are represented by shepherds on the Pindus and the Balkan, by villagers in Eastern Serbia, and by mercantile communities in the Turkish towns, known by the name of Tzintzars—a crafty and wealthy race who identify themselves in sympathy and interest with the Greeks rather than with their own kinsmen. Beyond the Carpathians, three millions of Wallachs are Austrian subjects, settled in Bukovina, Transylvania, Eastern Hungary, and part of the Banat.

In the war between Serbia and Turkey, the Wallachs of Serbia were enrolled as part of the population and fought against the Turks by the side of the Serbs, but, as has been acknowledged, with less of the quality of bravery or steadiness. The Shepherd, or Black Wallachs, are a nomadic race, living in tents, and moving from spot to spot, and only leave the mountains with their flocks when driven to the plains by the cold of winter.

There is but little difference in character and appearance between the respective native populations of Moldavia and Wallachia. They are alike the descendants of the ancient Dacians and of the Roman or Italian immigrants, with a certain admixture of Slavonic or Bulgarian blood.

Each of the provinces has had a similar history, and for long ages both have equally suffered from wars and misgovernment. They have been the battle-fields of nations; on their soil have contended in succession Scythians, Romans, Huns, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Poles, and, last of all, Ottoman Turks. To put an end to aggression, and to enjoy the advantage of having only one master, the native rulers were fain to submit to the Ottoman power. Wallachia was annexed in 1570, and Moldavia in 1573. The Turks in 1731, however, deposed the native princes, and in their place appointed Hospodars, who were for a long period generally Greeks of influential families at Constantinople. These Greek rulers cared but little for the welfare of the Rouman people, and sought chiefly their own interests and pleasures.

The geographical features of the two principalities may be briefly described. Wallachia is enclosed by natural boundaries on all sides; the Carpathians separate it from Hungary and Transylvania, the Danube divides it from Serbia and Bulgaria, and the Sereth (the largest and deepest of the rivers of that region) from Moldavia. It is intersected by six affluents of the Danube, which flow from their sources in the Carpathians. The greatest of these is the Aluta, which divides the country into two unequal portions—the Eastern, or Great, and the Western, or Little Wallachia. From the lofty mountain range, offshoots of hills project towards the Danube, between which are beautiful vales of great fertility. Only on the west of Wallachia, however, do these spurs reach the Danube; eastwards they break off and the land sinks to an extensive plain, which becomes a marshy swamp as it approaches the banks of the great river. The Carpathian chain, running in a north-western direction, separates Moldavia from Transylvania.

Moldavia, for the most part, lies between the Sereth and the Pruth. The upper portion of the latter river forms its north-eastern boundary towards Russia. The general surface of Moldavia, consisting of an undulating plain, slopes from west to east. In some parts the soil is stony, but the greater part is abundantly productive. The Sereth falls into the Danube five miles above Galatz, and the Pruth, which is navigable for three-fourths of its length, makes its junction at the town of Reni. Among the other more important rivers of Moldavia is the Moldava, from which the country is named.

The great physical feature of Roumania is the long-extended and elevated Carpathian range. Rich in mineral wealth—containing gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and mercury, besides saltpetre, bitumen, and immense deposits of rock salt—these mountains rise on an average to the height of between three and four thousand feet, and some even to eight thousand feet. None of the summits, however, are covered with perpetual snow. At the base of the mountains are magnificent oaks; midway up beech-trees abound; and above these, in a zone of one thousand feet, are pines of extraordinary height and girth. These are again in turn succeeded by the moss-pine, which diminishes in size as the elevation increases. Still higher, the mountains assume a dreary and barren aspect, terminating in naked rocks of granite.

The population of Roumania is reckoned at 4,500,000. Apart from the clergy it consists of the higher ranks—the Boyards—and of peasants and servants. There are, in fact, no native middle classes. Various Eastern and European nationalities are, besides, represented in the country. Many of the upper classes are as well educated and gifted as any of the same rank in France and England, but there is no public career open to them except it be politics or law. Two-thirds of the population depend on agriculture and cattle-rearing. These small farmers and peasants are a docile and hard-working race. Outwardly their houses bear a near resemblance to the cabins of the same class in Ireland, but the interiors are vastly superior. The huts of the labourers are built of mud or half-dried bricks, covered with thatch; while the small farmer has an abode of the same style, but on a larger scale. The dwellings are all nicely whitewashed, and, taken altogether, the villages have an air of picturesqueness and almost of comfort. While there is, as we have said, no native middle class in Roumania, a certain kind of middlemen are to be found, mostly Greeks, who stand between the boyard, or landed proprietor, and the peasant. These men advance money, or engage to pay a certain sum annually to the boyard, on condition that they are allowed to farm the land and get as much out of it as they can. Many Greeks have become wealthy in this way, but at the expense alike of the extravagant proprietors and the unfortunate peasantry.

The extreme fertility of much of the land in Roumania, notwithstanding the occasional plague of locusts and drought, rewards the agriculturist with abundant returns. Vast crops of wheat are produced which is of excellent quality, especially the summer or hard wheat. Flax, hemp, and tobacco are grown; pigs, goats, and sheep are reared, and numerous herds of cattle fattened in the rich meadows. Hares and black-cock, and, indeed, game of all kinds are plentiful. Wild turkeys are

met with in hundreds in the steppes or great open plains. Honey is largely produced, and the rearing of bees is quite an industry, owing to the multitude of lime-trees, on the flowers of which the insects feed.

The staple food of the Roumans is Turkish maize, on which, indeed, the lower classes almost entirely subsist. Though unpalatable to the foreigner, the natives prefer it to wheaten bread; and their common beverage is wine, which is produced in immense quantities.

Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, is situated forty miles north of the Danube, in the vast Wallachian plain which extends south of the Carpathians from Turnu-Severin to the Sereth. The plain between Giurgevo, on the Danube, and Bucharest, rises to a considerable height above that noble river, and on reaching the capital suddenly sinks, forming the hollow in which Bucharest is placed, and through which the muddy stream of the Dimbovitza flows. Seen from a distance, Bucharest appears a handsome city; its numerous domes, spires, and turrets are covered with tin, and sparkle in the sun with an almost dazzling brightness. It covers ground to the extent of twenty English square miles, about a third of which is taken up by trees and gardens. A public promenade outside the town, about a mile and a half in length and bordered with trees, is covered every afternoon by the equipages of the boyards and foreign agents. The view of the city from the hill on which the Metropolitan Church is placed is very fine. The Podo Mogochoi, the principal street, is well paved and well watered, and contains the chief shops and hotels and many of the best private houses, besides the Prince's residence and the National Theatre. Curious wooden bridges are thrown across the river and connect portions of the town. The palace is not an elegant or enviable structure, but the reigning prince has done much to render it comfortable. The population of Bucharest, which has largely increased of late, is not less than 221,000 souls. It is a strangely varied mass of human beings. First in rank are the great boyards, or aristocrats, who, though they have lost their distinctive privileges, keep up as before their haughty exclusiveness. In the second rank come the military, judicial and civil authorities, and members of the learned professions, who, with the smaller proprietors, form a separate category. Next, those engaged in commercial pursuits, chiefly foreigners—Germans, Austrians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Swiss—who, again, keep very separate from each other. Lower in the scale are the artisans of the better class, chiefly Germans, Transylvanians, and some Frenchmen. Those of inferior callings are Roumans and Jews. The labouring population is Roumanian, Transylvanian, Bulgarian, and Gipsy, while the owners and drivers of public vehicles are mainly Russians, and may be easily distinguished by their voices and appearance. Very recently the Gipsies have been released from the state of serfdom in which they were held by the great boyards.

Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, is situated on the left bank of a tributary of the Pruth, in the midst of a country rich in agricultural produce, and with the surrounding hills on all sides covered with vineyards. It occupies a large area; the houses are intermingled with trees, and the town in general presents a picturesque aspect. The principal street is broad and handsome, and has some magnificent

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shops which would bear comparison with those of London or Paris. Of the other streets not so much can be said, but Jassy has of late years thrown off to a considerable extent its dilapidated condition so suggestive of the east, and is every day improving in appearance; and thus, too, notwithstanding that it has suffered from a portion of its trade being drawn to Bucharest, the capital, since the union of the principalities. Jassy has recently been supplied with asphalt pavement, which has had a good effect, as the upper classes, who before seldom left their carriages, are now able to perambulate on foot. A railway between Jassy and the Russian frontier was opened in 1873. The object of this railway is to effect a junction with the Russian line leading to the Black Sea, and thereby to establish direct communication between Jassy and Odessa. The commerce and industry of the whole of Roumania have largely profited in recent years by the construction of a network of lines throughout the country. In 1869 the first railway—forty-two English miles in length—was opened from Bucharest to Giurgevo. This town, which has a considerable trade in corn, faces Rustchuk on the opposite bank of the Danube, and maintains with it a constant traffic. The Turkish town of Rustchuk is again connected by a line with Varna on the Black Sea. North-eastwards a railway now runs from Bucharest through the towns of Plesti, Buzeo, and Ibraila to Galatz, and thence northwards to Lemburg, in Austria. A branch from Jassy joins this line, so that both the chief towns of Wallachia and Moldavia are now in direct railway communication with Western Europe. Roumania lies, however, beyond the range of the ordinary tourist; nor, apart from matters of trade, does it afford much to attract foreign visitors. Good roads for inland travelling do not exist, and away from a few towns there is a general absence of the comforts and civilisation of the west.

As Giurgevo is the chief port of Wallachia on the Danube, so are Galatz and Ibraila the chief ports of Moldavia. Galatz especially has a large foreign population engaged in its extensive trade. Ismail, also on the Danube, is the principal town of that portion of Bessarabia detached from Russia and annexed to Moldavia at the end of the Crimean War. The town carries on a considerable trade, being the outlet for the produce of a fertile district. This annexed Bessarabian territory has in general the fertility and physical features of Moldavia. Speaking of Moldavia in a recent report written at Jassy, Vice-Consul St. John says:—"Few countries have of late made such varied progress in everything that makes up the civilisation of a people. Only a very few years ago the inhabitants had to learn the very elements of civilisation. They were to all intents and purposes, though living in Europe, an Asiatic people in their customs, their immobility, and their secluded mode of life; but all this now belongs to the past." The same language would apply equally to Wallachia. The absence of political agitation, a continuation of settled and good government, good roads throughout the country, and the application of capital and labour, will in the course of years work still further improvement in the social and commercial condition of Roumania.

Ninety per cent. of the population of Roumania belong to the Greek Church. The Jews are reckoned at 247,424, and the Gipsies at 200,000. There are few Roman Catholics, and still fewer Protestants. The

higher dignitaries of the Greek Church have large incomes, and much of the land is ecclesiastical property. There are no fewer than 116 Greek churches in Bucharest; and each village throughout the country has a small church or chapel, with one or more Greek priests, who act as curates. The ecclesiastics of this order are chosen from among the people, from whom they are but little distinguished, and whose occupations they follow when not engaged in their clerical duties. Of the large number of Jews in the two principalities—many of them of Spanish extraction—31,400 only belong to Wallachia, of whom 15,000 reside at Bucharest. The remainder inhabit Moldavia.

"These wanderers of eighteen centuries," says the author of "Frontier Lands," "wear at Bucharest a flowing Eastern costume. Their unmarried women have their heads uncovered, but wives and widows wear a handkerchief, generally of a bright yellow colour, over their jet-black hair, or a cap edged with fur. They are rarely handsome, and the prominent eye, the eagle nose, and heavy lips are as remarkable in the streets of Bucharest on a Saturday morning, as they are on the walls of the tomb at Thebes, where the Israelites are represented making bricks under the lash of their taskmasters."

The Jewish people have been, and are still, cruelly persecuted in Roumania. The popular feeling towards them is much the same as existed in England during the Middle Ages. They are looked upon as a foreign race, and their superior cleverness and success as traders excite the hostility of the natives; they are also the objects of unjust legislation. Efforts have, however, been recently made to induce the Roumanian Government to grant to both native and foreign Jews equal rights with other members of the community. Jassy has a population of 90,000 in all, and more than one half of that number are Jews. It is a noteworthy circumstance that while the Roumanian Christian population is not advancing, but rather retrogressive, the Jewish is rapidly increasing. The sanitary condition of the country is far from excellent, which may account for the high rate of mortality among the natives. The banking houses of Moldavia, we may mention, with only one single exception, are all private firms, kept by Jews. The lowest rate of interest is 12 per cent., while bills are rarely discounted under from 18 to 24 per cent.

In Roumania the higher education is provided for by two universities—one at Bucharest, the other at Jassy; that at Jassy, however, is only for the study of law and literature. There are, besides, eight Greek theological seminaries. In 1873 the number of town schools was 2,616, and of rural schools, 1,975.

The constitution of Roumania was voted by universal suffrage in 1866. The Charter vests the legislative power in a Parliament of two houses—a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate consists of 76 members, and the lower House of 157 deputies, of whom 82 are for Wallachia, and 75 for Moldavia. The members of both Houses are chosen by indirect election, the first voters nominating electors, and these in their turn the deputies. All citizens of the age of twenty-five, who can read and write, are entitled to vote, and all Roumanians aged thirty, and who have a small yearly income, are eligible as deputies.

The executive is in the hands of the reigning prince, assisted by a council of five ministers, and the heads of departments.

Wallachia is divided into eighteen, and Moldavia into thirteen districts, each of which has a governor, a receiver-general of taxes, and a civil tribunal.

The recent political history of Roumania may be briefly given. In the year 1853 all eyes were directed to the Danubian Principalities by the crossing of the Pruth by the Russian army. Austria, as a neutral power, held the provinces during the Crimean War. By the Paris Treaty of 1856 the Russian Protectorate was abolished; and the people, left to choose their own ruler, Moldavia and Wallachia elected, in 1859, the same Hospodar, Alexander John Couza, a colonel in the Moldavian service, and an active partisan of union. The union of the Principalities which, at the instance of France and England, the Sultan had granted by a firman, was proclaimed at Bucharest and Jassy in December, 1861. Then was the historical name of Roumania assumed, though not recognised by the Porte. Prince Alexander John of Roumania—such was the style and title of Couza subsequent to the union—after a reign of four years, was compelled to abdicate, and has since lived in retirement at Vienna.

The present ruler of Roumania is Prince Charles I, son of Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and brother of Prince Leopold, who was proposed for the Spanish throne in 1870. This prince, who belongs to a junior branch of the Prussian royal family, was born on the 20th April, 1839, and educated at Dresden. At the time of his election as Prince of Roumania, in May, 1866, he was a lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of Prussian Dragoons. Having reached Bucharest in disguise, in order to avoid complications with Austria, then on the eve of war with Prussia, and who had protested against his elevation, he was recognised as its vassal Prince by the Turkish Government in July following. Prince Charles has excellent personal qualities, but in the government he has at times been much thwarted by the spirit of faction and the opposition of the Red party. So much so was this the case, that in 1871 he declared his intention of resigning and leaving the country. He was, however, induced to alter his determination, and has since continued to maintain order, and promote the construction of railways and other useful national undertakings. The public debt of Roumania, according to an official report of the Minister of Finance, as given in the "Statesman's Year Book," amounted on the 1st December, 1875, to £21,290,024. The total estimated revenue for 1875 was £3,657,656, and the expenditure £3,885,980. The debt is large, but it has been mainly contracted for the construction of railways and bridges, and up to the present time, it must be said, Roumania has carefully kept faith with its foreign creditors.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

MUCH knowledge about the Holy Land has been gained for us during the last forty years. Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," first drew attention to the vast fund of material for true illustration of Scripture which he found when travelling in Palestine to be still there, unknown even to systematic students of Bible archaeology and geography.

Many workers have followed him in the same field, and have contributed their quota of information, such as Van de Velde, in his "Survey of Palestine;" Lynch, in his "Exploration of the Jordan and Dead

Sea;" Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book;" Porter, in "Five Years in Damascus;" Tristram, in "The Land of Israel;" James Finn, in "Bye-ways in Palestine." And yet a great deal more remained to be done. Those who had seen most were convinced that rich treasures still waited to be gathered up, especially concerning the geography of Palestine, and the antiquities of Jerusalem and other ancient cities.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts took the lead in prosecuting this great work, by enabling Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, on behalf of the Ordnance Survey, to make a complete survey of the Holy City as it now is. The result of this survey has been the production of two splendid maps of Jerusalem and its environs, and of a large model of the city, as well as of a smaller model showing the geological strata upon which it stands.

In 1865 a society, called the "Palestine Exploration Fund," was formed, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen. By this society the two great branches of the work have been carried on. The survey of the land and the excavations at Jerusalem have both been prosecuted by Royal Engineer officers and privates of first-rate ability, and the names of Wilson, Anderson, Stewart, Warren, Conder, and Kitchener will for ever be associated with the Holy Land, as will also the names of Mr. E. H. Palmer, the late lamented Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, and M. Clermont Ganneau.

During many months a large party have been engaged in surveying operations on the spot, as a preparation for construction of an accurate map, in which every ancient site, every town, village, ruin, stone, or even tree bearing any name should be marked down. Great and unexpected success has attended this work, which has been continued by various officers, in spite of manifold hindrances and interruptions, till last summer. Two-thirds of the Holy Land have been thus minutely surveyed, and an astonishing number of Biblical sites have been either discovered, or else fixed with certainty. Among these the place of our Saviour's baptism at Bethabara is among the most interesting; and perhaps next is the site of "Adam," mentioned in the Book of Joshua, iii. 16, in connection with the passage of the Israelites across Jordan; and also the discovery of the Levitical city of Gezer, by M. Clermont Ganneau, with its name carved in ancient Hebrew characters on living rock near the site. Lieutenant Conder, R.E., is the officer at present in command of this part of the work, and he tells us that, "we have been able, by the collection of nearly three out of every four places mentioned in the Bible, to prove that the long topographical lists in the Book of Joshua are neither fragmentary nor unsystematic. I have been able to show that the towns are enumerated in groups, each group a natural division of the land, and each division containing a royal city as capital. Such a vindication of the character of these various and hitherto little understood lists would, to my mind, be itself sufficient result to put before the public as the result of our labours."

In the early history of David twenty sites are mentioned; five of these were found by Robinson, three are still unknown, but twelve have been lately discovered by the present surveyors. At present Lieutenant Conder is on sick leave, but the making of the map is now carried on in an office at the Royal Albert Hall, by himself and by Lieutenant

Kitchener, with the help of a sergeant and four corporals, all of the Royal Engineers. The map is being constructed on the scale of a mile to an inch, and will probably be the finest map ever published of any country—equal to, if not better than, our own ordnance survey maps of England.

The discoveries made by excavation at Jerusalem itself are not less important and interesting than those above described. Had the Palestine Exploration Fund achieved no other result than the discovery of the magnificent wall drawn by King Solomon around the holy mountain—Mount Moriah—that alone would have been a sufficient recompense for all the labour bestowed on this branch of the undertaking.

People seem scarcely to have realised the fact that Captain Warren and his men have actually found King Solomon's wall, still standing as his builders left it, mostly buried, it is true, under thousands of tons of ruin and rubbish, but there still, towering above its foundation on the living rock—140ft. in some places, above 170ft. in others! Who is there that has really taken in this astonishing fact? Not many, I think. The grand barrier by which the wise and mighty king separated the site of the temple which he was about to build for the dwelling-place of God, still exists! It has been examined and measured by Captain Warren, whose indomitable energy and courage enabled him to overcome all the obstacles and all the dangers involved in mining operations which have no parallel in the history of the world. And there the wall stands, preserved for us by the ruins heaped around it—ruins of the Holy House itself, and of the city of Jerusalem. This wall is not merely founded on the rock; it is sunk into the rock, into which sockets have been cut to receive the lower course of stones, and make them immovable foundations for so mighty a structure.

Along the second course—that above the foundations—the stones are found to be marked with Phœ-

nician masons' marks (such as exist to this day in the ruins of Tyre and Sidon), and thus enable us to identify this as the work of King Hiram's builders.

The splendour of the stones astonished Captain Warren. He speaks of their vast size, and of the most beautiful masonry:—"The stones are fitted together in the most marvellous manner, the joints being hardly discernible." So closely fitted that a penknife cannot be inserted between them. Let the reader try to imagine this wall, of which all but the upper courses still remain, standing up 190ft. from the bottom, "one unbroken face of masonry, such as, whether we take the aggregate mass of it, or the size (one 38ft. 9in. long, another weighing 100 tons) and fine dressing of the individual stones, cannot be paralleled elsewhere in the world, not even in Egypt."

Surely this one discovery by Captain Warren is enough to stand out alone as the greatest of the nineteenth century—Solomon's stupendous wall, still standing round the Temple Hill, though two-thirds of it are now buried amid the desolation of ancient glories.

"Jerusalem" has been "laid on heaps," but enough has been found to show us what that sanctuary and that city once were.

There is still much work to be done in Jerusalem. We have not space to tell more at present of the other and most important discoveries made there, or to indicate the others which ought to be made.

One-third of the survey of the land still remains to be done, and funds are needed. The work is necessarily very expensive. Time presses. Who can say how much longer the state of the Turkish Empire will allow these labours to be continued? Special efforts are, therefore, being made to diffuse information, for we are assured that money will be forthcoming when once the nature of the work is understood.

Now the old Wife's gone.

ALONE, ay, masters, I live alone in this one small room that
you see,

For now my old woman is laid to rest I have no one to think
of me;

We were wedded a long long while ago, full fifty years and
more,

And folks find changes hard to bear when nigh upon fourscore.

Ah, she was a handsome and winsome lass in the days of the
far-back past,

And a beauty linger'd on her old face for me to the very last;

True, she sometimes had a bit of a tongue, but maybe I had one
too,

And I find out now she is dead and gone what worries a wife
goes through.

Ay, the petty troubles of woman's life a man can only learn

When he has to light his fire himself, and finds green wood
won't burn;

When he has to wash out his bits of things, and cook his food
himself,

And keep his crockware free from dust and ranged on a nice
clean shelf.

And then the needle that seem'd to fly with magic speed through
her work,

Sticks tightly in mine, as if rusted in, and I pull it out with a
jerk;

And my cotton ties in a thousand knots, and as for worsted yarn,
I know I could dig up an acre of ground while I'm doing a
little darn.

The old grey cat that my dead wife loved comes rubbing
against my hand,

And I often find myself talking to her as if she could understand,

But 'tis comfort to speak when my heart is full, for it softens
my grief away,

And I don't want to hear other people preach, for there's
nothing new they can say.

Of course I know she is better off, but a man at the close of life
Seems beginning his working days over again when he loses
his long-time wife;

I shall go to her, ay, I'm thinking of that, and I'll patiently
here abide

Till under the shade of the church we both loved, I am laid by
my old wife's side.

MARY FRANCES ADAMS.

WEATHER PROVERBS.

October.

AUTUMN has now palpably arrived, and colder weather has set in, accompanied by the melancholy sight of fallen leaves. But still October is by no means an unpleasant month, owing to the fresh, exhilarating air which so often prevails during it. Agricultural operations are, however, of comparatively little importance, and consequently our ancestors did not trouble themselves much about the weather at this time of the year. So the weather proverbs relating to October, November, and December are very scanty, as will be seen. In a good acorn year, a few gales will be of some advantage in blowing down the acorns for the benefit of the pigs.

"A good October and a good blast,
To blow the hog acorn and mast."

It has been noticed that if in the fall of the leaves in October many of them wither on the boughs and hang there, a frosty winter and much snow may be expected. It is also generally but erroneously believed that we may look for a severe winter if there is much wild fruit, such as acorns, hips and haws, etc.

"Many haws,
Many snaws.
Many sloes,
Many cold tocs."

"Many hips and haws,
Many frosts and snaws."

"If the oak bear much mast (acorns) it foreshows a long and hard winter."

About October 30th, old St. Luke's Day, there is often a spell of fine dry weather, and this has received the name of St. Luke's little summer.

It may be noted here that when the fieldfare, starling, swan, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, we shall probably have an early and severe winter. Mole-catchers also have observed that if moles make many basins to deposit worms in, the winter will be a hard one. Moles are accustomed to make these basins before the winter sets in, and they deposit in them a large quantity of worms to feed on during the winter months; these they mutilate in such a way that they are prevented from escaping, while at the same time retaining life. The fewer the basins the milder the coming winter.

Varieties.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON TEACHING.—A correspondent sent to the "Birmingham Daily Post" the following letter, which, he says, "was addressed many years ago by Mr. Carlyle to a very young man, then engaged in educational work, who was bold enough to ask his counsel. He has treasured it since with an ever-deepening sense of the wisdom of its teaching, and of the great kindness of heart and ready helpfulness which prompted the first intellect of our day so to respond to a lad who was a stranger to him. There is, perhaps, nothing in the letter which may not be gathered from his published works; but to the tens of thousands who listen to him with reverence all the words of Carlyle are precious:—

"Chelsea, February, 1859.—Sir, I can give no advice or precept about the matters you write of, except this one remark—The grand secret (worth all the others together, and without which all the others are worth nothing, or less) for inculcating and teaching virtues and graces is, that a man honestly, and with more and more of silent sincerity, have them himself, lodged there in the silent deeps of his being; they will not fail to shine through, and be not only visible, but undeniable in

whatever he is led to say or to do, and every hour of the day he will, consciously and unconsciously, find good means of teaching them. This is the grand indispensable requisite; this present, the rest is very certain to follow; the rest is mere matter of detail depending on speciality of circumstance, which a man's own common sense, if he is in earnest towards his aim, will better and better instruct him in. The business, I am sorrowfully aware, is often enough undertaken without the indispensable pre-requisite; nay, in general there is a dim notion abroad that a man can teach such things by merely wishing to do it, and without having them himself; but the fatal result inevitably is, he teaches, can teach, nothing but hypocrisy and unblest apery and mendacity. It is a kind of salvation to his poor pupils if they in a dim way see through him, and refuse to imbibe the slow poison of such teaching. I fancy you to be an ingenious young man, aiming manfully to do your best in the vocation which has fallen to you; and I hang up far ahead, I hope, this ugly but true warning upon a certain path which all mortals of us ought to avoid and abhor much more than we do at present. Wishing you heartily well, I remain, in much haste, yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

DRUGS IN STABLES.—The evidence given by the coachman Griffiths at the inquest on Mr. Bravo suggests that there is plenty of scope for the action of Sir J. D. Astley's Drugging of Animals Act. But this useful Act is of no use if owners of horses allow servants, ignorant of the action of medicines, to employ whatever recipes they may fancy. Mr. Griffiths' medical treatment was simplicity itself; he kept but one drug, which he employed inwardly, both as a cure and as a preventive of disease; and outwardly as a dressing for sores and injuries. Fortunately he pinned his faith to a drug perfectly harmless to horses, but one so poisonous to the human subject that it is something more than a misfortune that such men are able to purchase and keep quantities of it. Tartar emetic, or the tartrate of potash and antimony, although capable of killing a man in doses of twenty or thirty grains, may be given to horses in very large quantities without producing any violent symptoms. It has been given in quantities of half a pound, and two or three ounces seem to have no more effect than so much Epsom salts. Its action on the horse is simply nil, and although some of the older veterinary authors used and recommended it, we believe that few of the leading members of the profession now keep it at all.—*Land and Water.* (This reminds us of Cowper's lines in his amusing poem on "Tithing Day"—

"A kick that scarce will move a horse
Will kill a sound divine!"

But what are we to think of those who tell us that experiments on the lower animals are conclusive as to human physiology? Tartar emetic does not hurt a horse, *ergo*—).

TURKISH EMPIRE.—The Bishop of Manchester has on various occasions given expression to the mind of the great English public on matters above all party politics or passing interest. He did so in a letter read at a town meeting in Manchester on the subject of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. "I have no pretensions to be a statesman, and perhaps it will be better to keep the question of humanity distinctly clear of the question of political eventualities. But I confess that it was not without regret that I read Mr. Gladstone's expression of opinion, which seemed to be accepted on both sides of the House of Commons, that 'the territorial integrity of the Turkish empire in Europe must be maintained.' We have not always been so jealous of the maintenance of territorial integrity. We witnessed, not, perhaps, wholly unmoved, but still without allowing our feelings to find an audible expression, the territorial dismemberment of Denmark, of Austria, of the Holy See, of France. Why should we be so particularly anxious to secure the territorial integrity of Turkey? I, for one, do not believe that the territorial integrity of Turkey can be maintained. Mr. Gladstone admits her to be impotent to regenerate herself, or to carry out persistently and effectively any scheme of administrative reform. Whatever may be our political desires, the moral forces working in the opposite direction will be too strong for us. All the treaties in the world cannot maintain the territorial integrity of an empire torn by all those forces which necessarily disintegrate because they first demoralise a people. One could almost cease to believe in a Divine order of the world if one thought that in the midst of the civilisation of Europe a despotism so cruel and vicious as that of Turkey could be much longer maintained. . . . Never was there greater need for the people of England, if they would stand before the bar of European opinion acquitted of complicity with some of the most dreadful crimes which history records, to speak their minds loud and clear."

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